

Dead Weight by Blood_On_Glass

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Steve is sick but puts Dustin first. In return, Dustin comes up with a plan.

Dead Weight

Author's Note:

I didn't grow up in this time period, so I apologize for any potential inaccuracies. I did the best I could with research.

The sound of the telephone ringing in the kitchen was ear-piercing. If it weren't for the fact that Steve figured it was Nancy checking on him, he would have answered it just to get it to stop. Instead, he buried his head into the arm of the couch and pressed a pillow over his head, waiting for the noise to die down. As much as he appreciated Nancy's concern, it was still a bit awkward to talk to her as if she hadn't just recently left him for a guy that had once taken pictures of her without permission. Still, she had been calling him to make sure he wasn't sitting around doing anything alone every day. It was starting to get insulting. On any other day, Steve would have chosen to put up with it, however, he had woken up that morning feeling like death, and he opted to ignore her and everyone else.

The telephone finally stopped ringing, and Steve sighed in relief as he slowly removed the pillow from his head. He began to feel himself drift off, only to sigh loudly when the noise started up again. Figuring this was a fight he couldn't win, he pushed himself off the couch and shuffled into the kitchen where he plopped down at the table. Steve was glad the cord was long enough so he could talk while sitting down because he didn't figure he'd be able to stand for very long.

"Hello?" he mumbled into the phone as he ran a hand through his hair. He'd have to tell Nancy to call back later; he was too exhausted for this.

"Steve? What the hell, man?"

The voice wasn't Nancy, and Steve slowly sat up when he recognized it to be Dustin's. A frown appeared on his face and his eyebrows furrowed together. "Dustin? Why are you calling me so early?"

"It's half-past one o'clock in the afternoon and I was calling to see if

you already left. I guess not.” Dustin sounded irritated, but there was something else in his tone as well. If Steve didn’t know any better, he would say it was hurt.

“Left?” Steve found himself saying without being able to stop himself. “Left for what?”

There was silence on the other end of the phone for a few seconds. “...So, should I bike to the mall? I don’t mind if that’s what you want me to do.”

It took a while for Steve to process what Dustin was talking about, but then it hit him and he felt like a complete asshole. “I completely forgot I was taking you to the mall today,” Steve admitted. “Shit, I’m sorry, dude. I must’ve completely spaced it.”

“It’s cool. I kinda assumed you had better things to do, anyway.” Dustin’s words only managed to make Steve feel worse, and he couldn’t help but wonder if the kid was intentionally guilt-tripping him. Whatever the plan was, it was working.

“I really don’t. I just completely forgot. Don’t take it personally, alright? I used to miss dates with Nancy all the time.” That part was true, and it was why Steve wasn’t actually all that surprised she didn’t want to stay with him. However, he also couldn’t help but think that if he had woken up feeling human, he wouldn’t have forgotten about Dustin. He felt shaky and fatigued and much warmer than he’d like to admit, and Steve was wondering if he should tell Dustin to take his bike. He stopped when he realized that Dustin wasn’t inviting him just for the ride, but because he more than likely needed the company as well.

“Steve?”

Dustin’s voice pulled Steve from his thoughts. “Yeah, I’m here. I’ll take you, okay? Just give me some time to pull myself together. Like a half-hour, maybe?”

Dustin breathed a sigh of relief. “Perfect! Thanks, Steve!” With that, Dustin hung up, giving Steve no time to change his mind. Steve hung up the phone and rested his head on the kitchen table, hoping it

would help with the pounding.

It didn't.

To make matters worse, the pounding was beginning to make him feel nauseous. The toast and water he had forced himself to consume earlier weren't sitting well in his churning stomach. Slowly, Steve stood on shaky legs and padded to the sink where he splashed water on his face, hoping it would help cool him down and wake him up. When that was done, he made his way up the stairs and into his bedroom where he changed into a plain, black t-shirt that wasn't drenched in sweat and jeans to look relatively presentable. Each movement only made it more tempting to call Dustin and cancel, but he also couldn't bring himself to do it. He would just have to power through.

As promised, Steve was pulling up to Dustin's house about thirty minutes later. Not wanting to deal with Dustin's mom, he simply honked and waited out front while listening to Kim Carnes. Dustin must have been waiting because he was running out the door in seconds. Steve looked over and watched as the thirteen-year-old climbed into his passenger seat, a smile on his face.

"Hey, Steve," he greeted. "Thanks for picking me up. I need to get a gift for Lucas' birthday." Dustin's smile quickly turned to a frown. "Are you hungover?"

Steve raised his eyebrows. "What makes you think I'm hungover?" he asked.

"Because you look like shit," Dustin answered. "And you're wearing sunglasses even though it's cloudy. Even your hair is all over the place and you never let your hair-"

Steve raised a hand to silence him, thankful that it worked. He liked Dustin's company, but the kid's usual chatter was only making his headache worse. "Okay, okay, I get it. No, I'm not hungover. I didn't drink last night." Dustin only shrugged, and Steve wasn't sure if the kid believed him or not, but he couldn't bring himself to care. He just

sighed softly and began to head towards the mall, hoping that the shopping trip wouldn't make him feel worse.

They were only driving for a couple of minutes when Dustin spoke again. "Why is it so cold in here?"

"Because it's February," Steve answered impatiently.

"Your air conditioner is on."

Steve looked down, and sure enough, it was. That did seem a little weird, but truthfully, he hadn't been feeling that cold. If anything, he was feeling a bit warm. He wasn't sure how to answer the question because there was no way to explain why he felt warm when it was forty degrees outside and the air conditioner was on. Without speaking, Steve turned it off and turned the heat on. He glanced over at Dustin and saw the boy was shivering, making him feel guilty for not noticing how cold it was. "Better?" he asked.

Dustin nodded slowly. "Are you sure you're okay?"

Steve sighed. "I would know if I drank last night. I didn't."

"I'm not talking about drinking anymore," Dustin replied, his tone laced with concern. "I think you're sick, not hungover."

Steve shrugged. "I feel fine." It was a lie, but the last thing he needed was a thirteen-year-old feeling worried about him.

Dustin didn't look convinced. "Dude, you're literally sweating."

"I'm fine," Steve repeated. "You don't need to worry, okay? I can still take you to where you need to go."

"That's not what I'm worried about."

Steve looked over at Dustin and frowned. He wasn't sure what the kid meant, but he didn't have the energy to ask. Instead, he decided to keep quiet in hopes that it would get Dustin off his case. Thankfully, it worked, and the two were silent for the remainder of the drive.

"I want to get him a cool Lego set, but I'm not sure which one. I was originally going to get him a new dice set, but Mike said that's what he's getting him, and I didn't want to get him the same thing."

Dustin's voice was droning on as the two of them shuffled through one of the toy shops in the mall. Steve thought it would be a relief to no longer be driving, but being in the mall was significantly worse. The lights were bright, it was noisy, it was too hot, and the whole place smelled of food which turned his stomach more than the motions of the car had. It was getting hard to pretend that he didn't feel like complete and utter shit.

"Just get him the first one you see," Steve suggested unhelpfully.

"I want to get him something good. That way he knows there isn't any bad blood between the two of us." Dustin picked up another Lego set off the shelf only to shake his head and put it back. Steve wanted to scream.

"Bad blood?" he asked instead, trying to keep his frustration in check. This was what he signed up to do, so he knew it was irrational to be so irritable. Of course, Dustin would want to get his friend something nice.

"You know, because of the whole Max thing," Dustin responded with a shrug. "She's dating him."

Steve had forgotten that the two both had feelings for the fierce red-haired girl. "Haven't they been dating for like three months now?" he asked. "I'm sure he knows you've moved on."

"She was my first real crush."

Steve shrugged. "Middle school drama is weird."

"This is perfect! There's a castle and everything. He'll love it. I've still got most of my Christmas money so... Steve you alright?"

Steve looked up when Dustin addressed him. Without really thinking about it, he had begun to lean against the wall. The action apparently hadn't gone unnoticed. "Yeah, I'm good. Just tired, I guess."

“You look really pale. Like, dangerously pale.”

Steve wasn't sure how to respond to that, so he didn't. Besides, if he opened his mouth to speak, vomiting was a sure possibility. He swallowed thickly and shrugged for the hundredth time that day, praying that the nausea would subside. He leaned back against the wall, closing his eyes, and taking deep breaths. When it became clear that this wasn't going to go away on its own, he forced himself to stand straight again. “I'll be right back,” he mumbled before walking out of the store as calmly as possible. It was only a matter of time before he was going to throw up, and he would rather be prepared for it. He ignored Dustin who was calling after him and continued to walk calmly to the bathroom which was thankfully just around the corner. Once he reached his destination, Steve walked into the stall at the very end, hoping it would increase his chances of a little privacy. It was humiliating to be throwing up in public, and he couldn't even remember the last time he had done this, if ever. However, the second he was in the stall, and staring down at the toilet, a loud, dry retch involuntarily escaped him that echoed throughout the bathroom as he slowly lowered himself into a crouch.

“Shit,” Steve whispered softly to himself, spitting into the toilet. He had no idea what was making him feel so sick. He draped one arm across the toilet while using the other to tear off some toilet paper. Steve gagged again, this time softly, and he squeezed his eyes shut and prayed that this would be over soon. He wiped his mouth, despite the fact that nothing had come up yet, and crumbled the toilet paper in his hand as he stared into the water. Another loud retch caused Steve to drop the toilet paper onto the floor and instead clutch the toilet. His mouth was watering, his stomach was a mess, and he knew it was going to happen very soon. No matter how many times he spat into the toilet, he couldn't keep up with the saliva that continued to pool into his mouth. Without meaning to, he groaned softly, trying to keep his breathing even through his nose. Steve gagged again. Still nothing. As much as he hated throwing up, this was almost worse. Just as he began to consider sticking his finger down his throat, an acidic belch had vomit splashing the back of his throat. The taste made him gag again, and that was it.

It was like someone had turned on a faucet. Steve had no idea that so

much vomit could come up at once. When it was over, he was breathless, but before he could draw in a breath, he was puking into the toilet again. The force of it all brought tears to his eyes and he wished more than anything he could be doing this in the safety of his own bathroom. Thankfully, after the second wave, he had time to take a few deep breaths and wipe his eyes and mouth with a new piece of toilet paper. Steve coughed weakly, the action making his stomach roll. Leaning forward, he retched again, shivering as a small trickle of vomit joined what was already in the water.

“Holy shit,” he whispered, leaning back away from the toilet with a loud sniff. Steve wiped his running nose as tears slid down his cheeks. As he took a few deep breaths, his stomach began to settle enough for him to know he wasn’t going to throw up again. At least not now. Figuring it was safe, Steve flushed everything down and slowly stood up, feeling dizzy and exhausted. When he was sure he wasn’t about to faint, Steve left the stall and shuffled over to the sink, ignoring the look an old man was giving him as he splashed his face with cold water. At the very least, he wanted to make it look like he hadn’t just been crying. The last thing he needed was a worried Dustin taking it upon himself to mother him.

“You should go home,” the old man at the sink said.

“Yeah, yeah,” Steve grumbled, wiping his face with a paper towel. He wasn’t in the mood for a lecture from a stranger. He knew he needed to go home, but now he had Dustin to deal with. Without saying anything else about the matter, Steve left the bathroom and walked around the corner to the toy shop he had left Dustin in. Much to his dismay, Dustin was nowhere to be found in the shop. “Great,” he mumbled under his breath. He left the store and looked around the busy mall, not seeing Dustin anywhere. Steve sighed and ran a hand through his already messy hair, wishing the kid would have chosen any other day to pull a disappearing act. He stood there in thought for a moment before walking over towards the food court, knowing it was where Dustin was most likely to be.

Sure enough, as Steve walked through the long line of restaurants and food stands, he saw Dustin sitting at a table, eating a soft pretzel and drinking a soda. Irritated, Steve stood beside him, arms crossed, and eyes narrowed. “You wanna maybe not run off?”

Dustin took a bite of his pretzel and looked up with a shrug. "You were in there for ten minutes. Were you expecting me to just stand in the toy store and wait?"

"As a matter of fact, yes," Steve answered. "Your mom would kill me if she knew I let you wander around alone."

"You look like shit," Dustin remarked, changing the subject. "You should eat something."

Steve sat down in the chair across from Dustin and sighed. "I don't want to eat something. I want you to pick out a gift for Lucas so we can get the hell out of here."

Dustin was quiet for a moment, staring at Steve like he was some sort of lab experiment. It was weird; he wasn't used to the kid being quiet. "I found a gift," he finally said, reaching down to the ground and holding up a bag. "And I'm ready to go if you are."

Steve breathed a sigh of relief. "Great. So I can take you home now?"

Dustin went quiet again. For a moment, Steve was worried he hurt the kid's feelings by making it sound like he didn't want to be anywhere near him. "Actually, I went to a booth and phoned Will while you were in the bathroom. He's not...doing well. Mrs. Byers is at work and Jonathan is busy, I guess in his room. He asked if you and I wanted to watch E.T with him, and I said we would."

Steve listened to Dustin, and as much as he wanted to be annoyed, he wasn't. He knew that after everything Will had gone through, he often needed the company of others around him. Still, something didn't seem right. "It's a little weird for Jonathan to isolate himself from Will. What's going on there?"

Dustin shrugged. "I dunno. Will just said he was busy."

Steve raised an eyebrow. "Too busy for Will? He hardly lets that kid out of his sight."

"That's what Will said," Dustin repeated, sounding annoyed.

Steve watched him for a moment, wondering if something was going

on, but he couldn't think of what it would be. He sighed and rubbed his forehead as he nodded in agreement to going over to the Byers' house. As shitty as he felt, he wasn't going to say no to keeping Will company. Steve stood up and gestured for Dustin to follow him as he began to walk away from the table. He didn't bother to look back, but the sound of Dustin's footsteps and the rustling of the bag containing Lucas' gift, assured Steve the whole way out of the mall that the kid was following him.

The drive to the Byers' house wasn't as brutal as Steve thought it would be. Surprisingly, Dustin had stayed quiet the whole time which was a miracle in itself. Still, by the time he was pulling up to the front of the house, he was sufficiently exhausted and wanting nothing more than to be able to lay down in his own bed and sleep until he no longer felt like death.

As he and Dustin stepped out of the car and made their way up the sidewalk, Will opened the front door and watched them, a puzzled expression on his face. "Hey, Dustin. Hey, Steve. What are you—"

"Will!" Dustin exclaimed, cutting the other boy off. "How's it going buddy? Are you doing better?"

Will frowned. "Yeah, I mean... I guess?"

Dustin cleared his throat. "Well, it's a good thing I called you at the mall, right? Since you told me you were having a bad day. Right, Will? Remember that?" Dustin said the last couple of sentences through gritted teeth, and Steve noticed he was looking at Will like the boy should know something.

Will was quiet for a moment before nodding slowly and smiling. "Oh, right! Yeah. Yeah, you called me from the...from the mall. I said I needed company and you said you and Steve were gonna come over to..."

"Watch E.T.," Dustin answered for him.

Will nodded. "Right. Yeah. To watch E.T..." Will trailed off and

looked past Dustin at Steve. Soon enough, both of the boys were smiling at him innocently.

Steve frowned. "What are you two shitheads up to?" he demanded, putting his hands on his hips. Something was definitely going on, but his brain was too foggy to be able to figure out exactly what it was.

"Nothing," the two of them answered in perfect unison.

Steve narrowed his eyes at both of them for a moment before sighing. "Whatever, I don't even care. Just get inside, yeah? Both of you." Without waiting for either of them to move, Steve walked past them and made his way to the front door. Halfway up the porch steps, he stumbled a bit, and nearly fell forward.

"Uh, Steve, are you okay?" Will asked, walking up to him.

"Fine," he answered quickly. "Just tripped." Steve let the two boys pass him, ignoring their concerned expressions, before following them into the house.

"What exactly are we up to?" Will asked Dustin as the two of them sat on his bed. Dustin had told Steve that he needed to show Will the gift he had gotten for Lucas' birthday before quickly pulling his friend upstairs.

Dustin sighed. "Steve's sick," he explained.

Will scoffed. "Yeah, I noticed. He looks terrible."

Dustin nodded sadly. "Did you know his parents are never around? He told me that once. I think he was drunk. Anyway, I don't think he minds it much, but while we were in the mall, he started to get really bad and I didn't think he should be alone. I told him I called you and that you told me you were having a bad day and no one was really around, so you asked if we could keep you company here. I figured we'd put in E.T since everyone has seen it a million times and he could just pass out on your couch for a while."

Will looked surprised by the confession, but his expression softened

quickly. "You know, all you had to do was call me for real and explain all of this. I would've been fine going along with it."

"He was in the bathroom puking. I didn't know how much time I would have before he was finished, otherwise, I would have. I don't think he knows that I know what he was doing in the bathroom, either." Dustin sighed and fiddled with an action figure that was on Will's nightstand. "Just... make sure you don't tell him any of this. If he finds out, he'll just leave. He thinks he's here doing you a favor and that's the only thing that'll make him stay."

"Okay," Will agreed. "He looks really tired. He'll probably fall asleep during the movie, anyway. When my mom gets home, she'll know what to do."

"You'll have to talk to Jonathan, too," Dustin admitted. "I kinda told Steve that he wasn't keeping you company. I don't think he bought it, but maybe just tell your brother to stay in his room or something?"

Will sighed. "Dustin..."

"I didn't have time to think this all through," Dustin said, holding his hands up.

"Fine. But you're coming with me to explain all of this to Jonathan."

"Alright," Dustin agreed, following Will out of his room. They walked across the hall to where Jonathan's room was. His door was open and he was sitting on his bed, listening to Twisted Sister.

When Will knocked on his doorframe, Jonathan looked up and offered both of them a smile before turning down the music and walking over to them. "Hey," he greeted, putting his hands in his pockets and looking down at the two of them. "You alright, Will?"

Will looked over at Dustin before sighing. "You explain it to him."

"Fine," Dustin agreed, turning to Jonathan. "Basically, Steve and I were at the mall and he started to get really sick. Well, I think he was sick the whole time but just kept it a secret. While he was throwing up, I came up with a plan to get him here so he wouldn't go back home to an empty house and suffer alone. I told him that Mrs. Byers

was gone and you were busy, so he needed to come here and watch Will because he was upset.” Jonathan looked confused, so Dustin continued. “Steve’s parents aren’t really around much. They-”

Jonathan interrupted him. “Yeah, I know. Nancy’s told me all about them. She met them once and said she never wanted to see them again. I guess they’re more stuck up than he is.” Jonathan hesitated for a moment before adding, “It’s just... how sick is he, Dustin? Do we need to take him to a doctor?”

Dustin shrugged. “I don’t know. I figured your mom would know what to do. I don’t want him finding out that I set him up. Otherwise, he’ll just leave once he knows Will is okay.”

“Yeah, I guess,” Jonathan agreed. “Alright, I’ll go along with it, but if he gets worse, come up and get me, okay?”

“We figured we’d just put a movie on and let him sleep through it,” Will said. “Until Mom gets home.”

Jonathan turned around and looked at the clock that was hanging on his wall. “Yeah, she should be home in a couple of hours.” Jonathan faced the two of them and nodded again. “If you need me, you know where to find me.” With that, he walked back over to his bed and sat back down.

“See? That wasn’t so bad,” Dustin whispered to Will who only rolled his eyes in response.

Dustin and Will walked back down the stairs, and neither was surprised to see Steve sitting on the couch, looking half-asleep. “How long does it take to look at a gift?” he mumbled, running a hand down his face.

“Sorry. Got distracted.” Dustin sat down next to Steve on the couch while Will put in the tape. Just from where he was sitting, Dustin could feel the warmth radiating off of Steve, and it took everything in his power to not comment on it. Still, as the movie began, Dustin couldn’t help the glances he threw in Steve’s direction. He had always seen the older teen as invincible, but now, with his pale complexion, the dark circles under his eyes, and the constant

shivering, it looked like a gust of wind could knock him down.

“Take a picture, it will last longer,” Steve remarked, though his tone was too exhausted for it to be as snappy as he probably would have liked it to have been. “Bet you could ask Jonathan. He’s great at taking pictures of people.”

Dustin didn’t reply, choosing to face the TV instead. They just needed to wait now. Thankfully, they didn’t have to wait long. Not twenty minutes into the movie, Steve fell asleep.

“Steve? Steve, honey?”

A gentle voice that he didn’t recognize woke Steve up. He felt a cool hand rest on his forehead before it began to make its way through his sweaty hair. Slowly, he opened his eyes and blinked as Mrs. Byers came into focus. At first, he was confused, but then he remembered that he was supposed to be watching Will.

“Mrs. Byers, I-” Steve began to sit up, but Joyce gently pushed him back down. It was then that he realized he had somehow shifted from sitting up against the armrest to laying down across the entire couch.

“No, no, I think you should lay down,” Joyce told him gently. “You’ve got a pretty high fever.”

“I was supposed to watch Will. I’m so sorry.” Steve felt terrible because if there was one thing everything could agree on, it was that the Byers family didn’t ever seem to be able to catch a break.

Joyce frowned, and it took Steve a moment to realize it was out of confusion rather than unhappiness. “What do you mean? Jonathan is here.”

“Well...” Steve trailed off, not sure what to say. It didn’t matter because Joyce beat him to it.

“I think someone just wanted to look after you here,” she said with a smile.

Steve groaned, feeling humiliated. He was going to kill Dustin. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Byers. I'll get out of your hair. I don't know what Dustin was thinking."

"I do." Joyce continued to run her hand through Steve's hair. Pity was written across her entire face. "I know your parents and how busy they are..." She trailed off and sighed, looking over her shoulder for a moment. It was then Steve realized they had an audience. Dustin, Will, and Jonathan were all watching them.

"Mom, let's take him to my room," Jonathan suggested, stepping forward. "I can sleep with Will tonight."

Joyce turned back to Steve and smiled. "That's a good idea. I think you should stay here. Jonathan, will you help him—"

"No," Steve said quickly, sitting up. "I'm fine, Mrs. Byers, really. I should just get back home."

"I don't think that's a good idea," Joyce protested gently. "I'd say your fever is around 102, you can barely keep your eyes open, and you look like you're about to collapse."

"I can sleep at home, Mrs. Byers." Steve wasn't intentionally being difficult, but he knew he had no business expecting the Byers to help to him. They had enough on their plate and didn't need someone there to add to their heavy load. That's all Steve felt like now.

Dead weight.

Useless and a burden.

"At home, you're all alone." Steve wondered why Joyce continued to fight him on this. It couldn't be that she actually cared – that didn't make sense. Steve knew he was just that one person everyone knew because of Nancy. By dating Mike's older sister, he had been thrown into all of this. Now, she left him, which outcasted him from everyone. He didn't even have her anymore.

Steve tried to think of a reason as to why he should feel like he deserved to stay, but nothing came to his mind. In fact, he could only think of a million reasons why he didn't deserve Joyce's warm

welcome. One is the fact that when the kids needed him most and needed him to protect them from Billy, he had only managed to get knocked out. Max had then finished the job. A thirteen-year-old girl. There was no way anyone in this group cared about him. If he went missing, they probably wouldn't even notice. "That's the way it's always been," Steve replied finally. "It doesn't matter anymore."

Joyce was quiet for a moment, and Steve wondered if he finally won. However, he was soon reminded that no one wins against Joyce Byers. "Jonathan," she said, without even looking at her oldest son.

Apparently, that was all that needed to be said, because soon Jonathan was walking over to the couch and helping Steve up. "Come on, man." Jonathan began to help him towards the stairs, and Steve knew he lost the battle. He was too exhausted to continue the argument, and he knew Joyce would never give in.

Jonathan managed to get the both of them up the stairs and into his room where he gently helped Steve down onto the bed. "Just... try not to think about it too much," he said, sounding apologetic. "I know it's a little weird."

Steve sighed as he forced himself to get comfortable, kicking off his sneakers. "Our whole lives are weird, man."

Jonathan smiled. "You can say that again. Do you need anything?"

Steve shook his head and closed his eyes. "No. Think I'll just sleep. For eternity. I take it asking for your mom to stop fussing is out of the question."

"Yeah, it is," Jonathan answered seriously. "Especially since Dustin was almost in tears when he talked to her."

Steve opened his eyes. "What? Why?"

"Is it so hard for you to understand that people give a shit about you? We all do, Steve, regardless of what you think. Dustin doesn't have a dad or a brother, so I think he kinda sees you as the older brother he's always needed. He looks up to you. Anyone with a brain can see that."

Steve knew when he was feeling better, he needed to make an effort to spend more time with Dustin. Hell, he wanted to spend more time with all of the kids. As annoying as they could be, they were fun and seemed to genuinely like his company. He took a beating for all of them, and he knew he would do it again.

When Steve didn't respond, Jonathan continued. "You looked after all of them for us, and you kept my brother's friends safe. Now, we'll do the same for you. Okay?"

Steve let Jonathan's words sink in. Maybe they did all care about him. Maybe if he went missing, not only would they notice, but they might even look for him. Maybe he didn't have to be the outsider anymore. "Okay," he agreed after a long period of silence. He closed his eyes again, hoping that his brain would be less foggy when he woke up.

"Feel better," Jonathan said, walking out of the room.

Little did Jonathan know, he already did.

Author's Note:

Thanks for reading. As always, my tumblr is hold-my-hair-back . There, you can read a lot more of my sickfics.